

Above the Clouds

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30665882) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30665882>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Airplane Sex , Mile High Club , Blow Jobs , Semi-Public Sex , Boys in Skirts , gnf wears a skirt , Anal Sex , Bathroom Sex , Bottom , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Exhibitionism , Kinda , Pet Names , Biting , Clothed Sex , Face-Fucking , Hiccups , dickcups , Quiet Sex , Rough Sex , Rough Oral Sex , Overstimulation , Multiple Orgasms , Doggy Style , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , No Plot/Plotless , One Shot , One Night Stands
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of All My MCYT oneshots
Collections:	MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-14 Words: 3509

Above the Clouds

by [gnftavi](#)

Summary

The first time Clay saw George, they were sitting at the terminal, waiting for the plane to unboard.

George was in a pleated black skirt, loose, white high socks around his thighs. His shirt was baggy and tucked into his waistband.

He sat with his legs crossed at the knee, skirt open just enough to see glimpses of pale, freckled skin up his thigh and hip. It was driving Clay *crazy*.

Notes

just call me horny and let me go home

also lets just assume flight attendants dont exist for the sake of the porn ok

unrelated note i cant believe dickcups isnt a tag

The first time Clay saw George, they were sitting at the terminal, waiting for the plane to unboard.

George was in a pleated black skirt, loose, white high socks around his thighs. His shirt was baggy and tucked into his waistband.

He sat with his legs crossed at the knee, skirt open just enough to see glimpses of pale, freckled skin up his thigh and hip. It was driving Clay *crazy* .

George must have known— he *must* have. Every time he adjusted his legs, stretched them out only to cross them over on the opposite side, he shot a glance Clay's way. A sultry look with hooded eyes that screamed at him through sunglasses.

When George got up to board, he left Clay with a flushed face and a strain in his boxers. A heat that Clay couldn't seem to get to die down, especially after seeing how the skirt rode up the back of his legs when he stood.

Clay was able to catch George glancing around as he walked down into the plane, locking eyes with him once, even.

To Clay's delight, George's seat was next to his across the aisle. He got to watch George bounce on his toes to shove his carry on into the overhead bin.

By the time the flight had taken off, it was well past midnight. Many passengers had already drifted into sleep before they left the ground, and Clay was happy, to say the least. He didn't have to hide his staring as much.

George didn't seem to mind, though. He was soaking up Clay as much as Clay was doing to him. Clay watched his eyes shift around his tight tee, down his chest to his sweats...

Clay made no effort to hide his boner. George seemed to like watching it twitch when he gave him a look. George was making it insufferable, though.

George spent all his time squirming in his seat, wiggling around until his skirt would reach just

below his ass before smoothing it down. Clay raised his brows at him, and George gave back a smirk.

At one point, Clay got a flash of George's underwear— which was hardly anything. A thin band of black lace around his hip, and not much more. It was making Clay think unspeakable things.

Clay was busy thinking when George passed him a little piece of a magazine with a pen clipped to it. He opened it up and read;

I'm George.

You?

Clay scribbled back a reply, cursing himself mentally because George's handwriting was just as attractive as he was.

Clay.

Wanna go to the bathroom?

George snickered when he read it, glancing at Clay from the corner of his eye. Clay sat, watching and waiting for a reply.

Clay was pleased when George wordlessly stood and reached into his luggage briefly before disappearing down the aisle with a smug look on his face. Clay followed shortly after, stepping carefully to avoid jostling any sleeping passengers.

Once Clay reached the bathroom, he swung the door open slowly and locked it behind him. George was already inside, unloading a travel size bottle of lube and a couple neon wrapped condoms onto the tiny countertop.

Clay took a moment to look George up and down. He was short, Clay towered over him in the cramped space. His hair was fluffy and messy, and he had the faintest of freckles across his pink cheeks.

George broke the silence first.

“You’re so forward, Clay.” George whispered, placing a hand delicately on Clay’s chest, “I like that.”

Clay chuckled softly, letting his hand drop to George’s hip. He bunched up the skirt in his hand, grabbing a bit of George’s thigh in the process. He reveled in the soft sound George made at his touch.

“So are we doing this?” Clay asked in a low voice, “Or what?”

George smiled widely, his eyes lingering on Clay’s lips. His arms wrapped around Clay’s neck, pulling him in close.

“You’re gonna have to get me in the mood, first.” George teased, “Clay.”

Clay felt his warm words against his lips and closed the space between them. George pushed himself into the kiss, sighing. The kiss was gentle at first, but quickly became hungry, full of tongues exploring each other’s mouths and hands wandering to grope under clothes.

George tasted like cinnamon gum, and Clay hoped he tasted just as good.

George parted from Clay for a moment, breathing heavily. He guided Clay’s hand down to his crotch, and Clay was quick to get to work.

Clay slid his fingers over George’s bulge, feeling his warm, throbbing cock through the tiny, lacey garment. It didn’t take much for George’s erection to spring free, making George let out a soft moan.

“You gotta be quiet, baby.” Clay whispered into George’s ear, and George got shivers.

George nodded, and Clay smiled against his skin, pressing his lips to George’s neck. He continued

to toy with his dick, running his fingers all the way from the tip down to the bottom agonizingly slow as he dragged his tongue over George's neck.

Clay bit down on his shoulder, his teeth sinking deep into his skin. He got a gasp from George, who quickly covered his mouth with his hand.

"If you can't keep quiet, I'm gonna have to put that pretty mouth of yours to use." Clay mumbled against the skin on his lips.

George moved easily away from Clay's grip, sinking down to the floor. He rested on his knees, skirt lifting up as he went down. He made brief eye contact from below before tugging Clay's waistband down.

Clay's cock sprung loose with ease, and George wrapped his hands around it. Clay sighed at George's warm touch, breath hitching in the back of his throat when he felt George's tongue brush against the tip.

George gave himself a moment to work up enough saliva before spitting on Clay's shaft, rubbing up and down to prepare it. Clay watched George work, marveling at his beautiful fingers against his hot, throbbing skin.

Within a second, George took Clay's dick back into his mouth. Clay let out a heavy sigh, loving the sight of George's lips around him.

George went about half way, then popped off of the tip with a wet noise.

"You're big." George whispered, hot breath on his dick.

"You look like you'd be able take it all under that pretty little skirt of yours." Clay breathed out.

George hummed, and Clay could see the way his cock twitched under his skirt.

Clay held his dick with one hand, and George's head with the other. George glanced up at him, and Clay smiled.

“Go ahead, sweetheart.” Clay spoke softly, “You can do it.”

“I-I can try.” George seemed nervous all of a sudden, “But... If it’s too hard, I just want you to fuck me.”

“Deal.”

George dropped another mouthful of saliva onto Clay’s cock, using his tongue to spread it around. He put his lips around the tip, sucking for a little before taking more into his mouth. Soon, George’s mouth was full, and he took a deep breath.

With a little preparation, George pressed Clay’s cock in farther, feeling his throat clench around the hot member. He held his breath as he let Clay bottom out.

“You feel so good.” Clay complimented, fingers ruffling through his hair.

Clay tugged at George’s hair, pulling him off his cock slowly. He soaked up the sensation of George’s throat around him, hoping to god that George would want to continue.

“You okay?” Clay asked, genuine concern in his voice.

George nodded, swallowing, “J-just a little different. You set the pace.”

Clay nodded back, pressing his tip back through George’s lips. The warmth surrounding his tip almost made him moan out loud, but he managed to stifle it.

“Let me know when to stop.”

George gave a thumbs up.

With that, Clay went back to his soft motion in. He gave a couple more slow thrusts before slowly

going faster. George took it well, his throat getting used to the feeling of being bumped against.

Clay quickened his pace to a steady thrust, his breathing getting heavier. His fingers remained tangled in George's hair as he held tight, forcing more and more of himself into George's mouth.

George was focusing on breathing steadily, though when Clay pulled on his hair, it was much harder. He let out a soft moan, his throat vibrating around Clay's cock. It made Clay cover his mouth, hips stuttering as he leaked a bit of precum down George's throat.

"Keep making noises, baby." Clay breathed, not letting up on his relentless pace.

George replied with a soft moan, sending Clay doubling over slightly. It was only momentary, as Clay was able to pick up speed quickly.

He was thrusting in and out of George's throat fast and hard, the only sounds being slick, wet noises from George's mouth coupled with their heavy breathing.

George glanced up at Clay, eyes full of lust and dizziness, mouth dribbling spit and precum onto the floor below them. It was a sight to behold, Clay thought.

It was enough of a sight for Clay to feel his climax catching up fast. He quickened his thrusts, grabbing handfuls of George's hair to elicit as many noises as he could from him. George whined softly around Clay's cock while it slammed against the back of his throat relentlessly.

Clay pressed his dick as far into George's throat as he could as his vision went white. George's nose nestled into the little patch of dark hair above his cock. He felt Clay's dick twitch inside him, and it quickly became uncomfortable.

George tapped his hand against Clay's thigh, who took a second to ride out his orgasm deep in George's mouth before noticing. As soon as his cum finished dribbling down George's esophagus, he pulled out with a satisfying pop.

George took a deep breath and coughed for a second, trying to keep it quiet. Once he caught his breath, he stood up on wobbly legs.

“T-that was... Kinda hot—“ George’s whisper was cut off by a small hiccup, catching him by surprise.

Clay chuckled under his breath, “You look so good with my dick down your throat, babe.”

George smiled softly, stifling another hiccup, “Please, Clay, just bend me over already.”

Clay didn’t hesitate, spinning George around and lifting up the back of the skirt. He let his hands wander down the smooth skin of George’s ass, pushing aside the thin strap of lace to reveal his soft, pink hole.

George squirmed as Dream took his time squirting lube onto his fingers. He let the sticky fluid drip down from his fingers to George’s entrance, earning a groan.

Clay toyed with him enough, he thought, and finally pressed his middle finger past the tight band of muscle. It slid in with ease, and so did the second one. George made soft noises with each movement of his fingers,

Soon, Clay was moving them in and out at a moderate pace, prodding around for George’s sweet spot.

He seemed to have found it when George let out a completely unmuffled moan from deep in his throat. A hand slapped over his mouth and Clay smirked.

“You that desperate?” Clay teased, poking at the bundle of nerves once again.

“Please,” George begged, “Hurry up.”

Clay slid his fingers out from George’s hole, quickly rifling around for one of the condoms. He settled on the first one he could grab— a bright green colored latex wrapping around his dick tightly.

George shook his ass where he stood bent over, teasing Clay. It was as if he was rushing him without even speaking.

Clay rubbed his tip over the entrance a couple times before sinking it slowly inside with a sigh. He took his time pressing farther in, helping George get used to the thickness.

“Don’t go slow,” George whined, “I-I can handle it.”

“Are you sure—“ Clay was cut off by George’s sharp voice.

“Yes! God, yes...” George complained, rolling his hips backwards, “Come on... Hurry up—“

It was Clay’s turn to cut George off, his hips snapping forward to meet George’s with a slap. George moaned softly, eyes rolling back in his head.

“Fuck, baby,” Clay groaned, “You’re so *tight*...”

Clay started moving right away, not giving George time to complain about him going slow. He pulled out, then slammed back in with full force.

George let out another noise, seemingly unintentionally. Clay bent over to whisper in his ear as he continued his rough pace.

“You’re gonna have to be quiet, beautiful.” Clay said softly, pressing a kiss to the back of George’s ear.

George whined, and Clay sighed, bringing his hand up to cup George’s face.

“Your moans are so hot, but...” Clay’s words were dark, and George shivered as he let out soft whimpers, “We have to be careful.”

Clay’s hand wrapped around George’s mouth, effectively muffling a majority of the sounds he was making.

With the noise taken care of, Clay picked up speed, relentlessly pounding as far as he could into George's tight hole. He breathed heavily, his free hand grasping at George's hip, kneading the soft flesh of his ass.

George tried to hold back his moans, but it was nearly impossible with Clay ramming against his prostate over and over without stopping. It was bringing him to the brink much faster than he expected.

George's eyes screwed shut and his brows furrowed as he came for the first time, his cock completely untouched. The cum dribbled down onto the floor, ribbons of the sticky white liquid spraying under the sink.

Clay wasn't done with him yet, as he fucked George through his orgasm. George was seeing stars every time Clay thrust in.

Soon enough, George was hard again and building up pleasure again. His moans continued, soft and muffled by Clay's tight grip. Clay's hips didn't let up even a little despite him noticing George's orgasm.

Clay's hand left George's ass to grab lower, his fingers wrapping around George's dick. George gasped and squirmed at the sudden touch. The warmth of Clay's palm was enough to send him reeling once again, his orgasm coming on unexpectedly strong.

Clay left his hand on George's cock, stroking him while it twitched and leaked. George's whines became high pitched, though barely audible through Clay's hand.

George was completely overstimulated, legs shaking underneath him while his cock twitched tiredly back to life. He breathed heavily against Clay's hand, his mouth almost watering at the pure pleasure he was getting.

Clay's hips stuttered once, and he grunted, slowing himself down to a gentle pace. George whined at the sudden loss of stimulation.

Suddenly, Clay let go of George's mouth.

"I-I'm flipping you over." Clay stuttered out, breathing heavily.

George nodded, letting Clay manhandle him. God knows he wouldn't have been able to lift his legs up on his own.

"I want to see your pretty face when you cum for me."

George bit his lip, letting out a soft noise when he felt himself rotate on Clay's cock. Within a second, he was facing Clay, back against the wall with his legs wrapped around his waist loosely.

His legs didn't stay in place, though, as Clay grunted as he lifted them up to rest on his shoulders.

Once Clay got George comfortable, he started back exactly where he left off, holding George's hips tightly as he rammed in and out. George did his best to keep quiet, tiny whines and heavy, fast breaths escaping his throat every once in a while.

Clay's head was swimming. George looked so beautiful coming undone underneath him. George's cock bounced with each thrust, his eyes rolling back in his head, his mouth open wide. He could see his chest rise with each heavy breath he took.

It was perfect. He was perfect.

Clay's thrusts became erratic, his groans getting a little out of control.

"I-I'm gonna cum—" Clay moaned out.

George seemed to try to form words, but he couldn't. All he could do was let out little moans and nod.

There was a brief second of silence, the only thing audible being the slap of skin against skin, and slick, wet sounds in between.

The quiet was replaced by George's whine as he came, his head thrown back, exposing his bit up neck. His eyes closed tightly and his hands covered his mouth, muffling his own moans as his cock

leaked weakly.

George's orgasm was nothing close to weak, though— the pleasure built up gave him a stronger climax each time he came.

Watching George's face tighten as he came was enough for Clay. He let himself go as well, giving a couple more hard thrusts before his orgasm hit him as well.

Clay bent over, leaning his head on the wall next to George's. He moaned softly, almost a whine as he thrust weakly through his climax.

They pair stayed connected for a minute, enjoying the feeling of being close together.

Clay separated first, pulling his cocks out with a slightly uncomfortable feeling. He slowly helped George let his legs down, watching him sway in place on his weak knees.

George grabbed as many paper towels as he could from the dispenser and split them with Clay, wiping the cum from his dick and the excess lube from his ass.

Clay did the same, tying up the condom and wrapping it in a paper towel before tossing it down into the garbage can. After stuffing his cock back in his pants, he bent down to wipe up the cum that had dripped all over the floor.

Once the cleaning was relatively done, Clay prepared himself to exit the bathroom.

"This was nice." Clay said, flashing a smile.

"I-It was great." George was still out of breath, "But my underwear is completely ruined."

Clay examined the balled up fabric in his hand. It was soaked in all different fluids, and some of the lace in the front was completely ripped open.

"I guess you're gonna have to leave them off, then," Clay teased, "Sweetheart."

George's cock twitched at the thought, and Clay chuckled.

"You're still horny after all that?" Clay scoffed, leaning in to grab George's face, "You're such a little slut."

"It's not my fault you're so fucking hot." George whispered back.

"Then how about you keep them off," Clay threaded his fingers through George's hair, "For me?"

"I-I will." George stared back.

Clay smirked, then let go of George. He loved how easily he was able to get George going, despite barely knowing him.

They both looked equally disheveled, hair sticking with sweat and clothes wrinkled. Clay only imagined everyone could smell the sex on them both as they left the tiny room quietly.

Back at their seats, Clay watched George attempt to sit comfortably.

George winced when he sat normally, so he opted for a slouch that kept most of his ass off the chair. Clay chuckled, and George shot him a desperate look. Clay took note of how George's thighs trembled still, despite George trying to hide it.

It was cute.

Clay caught himself sneaking glances at George through the rest of the flight. He looked at George hungrily when he saw flashes of his soft skin under his skirt, and he wished he could shove him back into the bathroom and fuck the air right out of his lungs.

A couple more of George's risky seating adjustments and flashing Clay his ass unintentionally, and Clay felt a light tap on his shoulder.

George had leaned across the thin aisle and was holding out his phone. Clay gave him a look, but took it.

Behind the chipped screen protector was an empty contact, and George nodded at him to fill it in. Clay smiled and shook his head, but quickly tapped out his number.

Once it was created, he shot himself a text— just a simple smiley face— before passing the phone back to George. Clay received the message and saved George's contact as well.

Nearly immediately, he got another notification. George gave him a look as he opened the text.

George: i miss you

Clay laughed as he typed a response.

I'm right here lol

George: i miss you inside of me

Clay's face went red. He lowered his brightness and replied.

You wanna go again?

George: yes

Meet in the bathroom in 20?

George: i dont think i can hold out that long

Then touch yourself.

Clay was surprised when George started to palm his crotch through his skirt, his other hand lifting to cover his mouth a bit. He watched in awe as George turned towards him, lifting the hem of the fabric to give Clay a small view of his cock.

Clay sighed, feeling his own erection begin to rise again as he stared at George.

Fuck you.

Go to the bathroom.

Slut.

He had a feeling it was going to be a very long flight.

End Notes

this has been on my mind for so long ans i just needed to get it out before i combusted

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!